COMMEMORATION
&
OTHER VERSES

GOODELL

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COMMEMORATION AND OTHER VERSES

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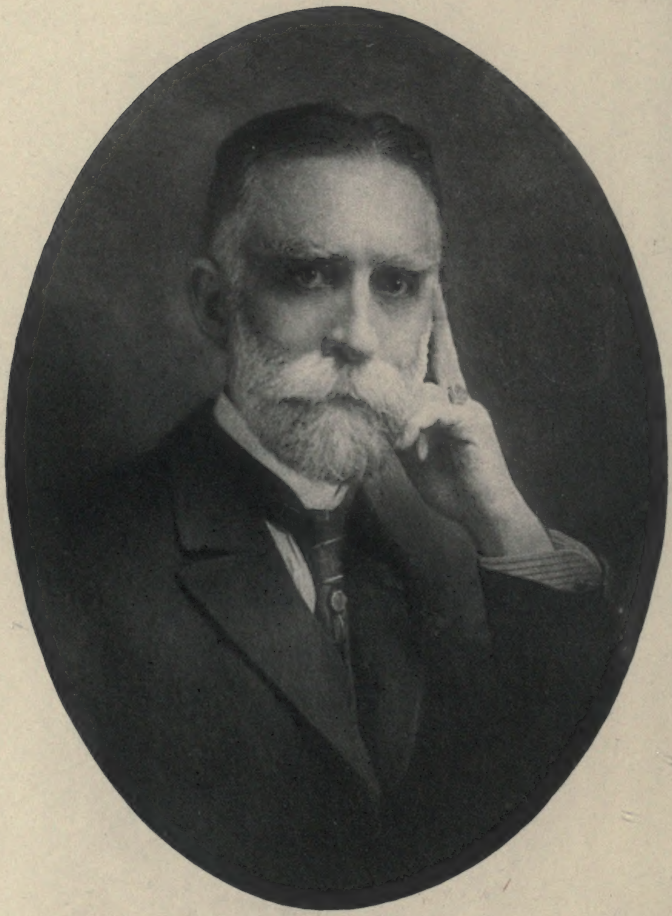
THOMAS DWIGHT GOODELL
Lampson Professor of the Greek Language and Literature
in Yale College.



Thomas Dwight Goodell.

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COMMEMORATION AND OTHER VERSES

BY

THOMAS DWIGHT GOODELL
LATE PROFESSOR OF GREEK IN
YALE UNIVERSITY

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

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INTRODUCTION

I KNEW THOMAS DWIGHT GOODELL intimately for forty-two years. When I entered the Hartford Public High School in the spring of 1878, he was my instructor in Latin and in Roman History; no teacher in the school had higher standards, demanded more of his pupils, or gave to our rudimentary minds a better conception of scholarship. In my Senior year in the school I studied Homer under his direction; and I well remember the day when he called attention to the unspeakably affecting passage where Helen meditates on the absence of her brothers from the Achaean host, not knowing that they were sleeping across the sea in their own dear native land.

Years later I had the honor of becoming a colleague, on the Yale Faculty, of my former teacher; and while we did not always agree in college politics, our friendship was never overclouded, and during the last few lustra I felt sure that our affection was closer and stronger than ever.

Professor Goodell was not only a classical scholar of remarkable attainments; he had a command of an admirable English prose style. I used to urge him to write for publication more frequently; but there was a certain unwillingness on his part to do this, compounded, I think, of shyness and a really extraordinary fastidiousness in taste. I am happy to

know that, before his death, his book on Athenian Tragedy was already in print and had received his final revision. It is a book embodying a lifetime of research and meditation.

The reserve that was chronically characteristic of Mr. Goodell accounts for the fact that he usually kept his poetical compositions within his own four walls. His noble and splendid Greek Ode, worthy of the language in which it is written, was one of the memorable features of the two hundredth anniversary of Yale in 1901. Set to music by his friend and colleague, Professor Horatio Parker, it made a permanent impression; Professor Parker had a subject made to his hand, and I do not think he ever wrote a finer piece of music than this, while the dignity and beauty of the Greek verse gave Professor Goodell an international reputation among classical scholars. His success in Greek composition inspired him to many further efforts, until he attained facility as well as felicity in this difficult art. He always admired the skill of British scholars in Greek and Latin writing, and lamented the fact that such an accomplishment was so rare in America.

Most of the English verse in this volume was composed after the flowering of the Greek Ode; but as a matter of fact, he had written in English meters all his life. His inspiration from adolescence to death was the woman he loved, who became his wife in 1878. When he was sixteen years old, he wrote a love-poem to her; just before he entered Yale in 1873, he set down the following words in his diary: "I look upon H—— as I might upon an angel. I stand before her, but my heart—my soul bows down and worships." This diary

of 1873 was continued in four years of love-letters. Just before his graduation in 1877 he wrote to her: "What the world would be to me without your existence, either still continuing or safely laid up in the unchangeable past, I cannot in the least conceive. I need not try. You do exist, you live for me, and we love; even if you should leave me tonight, the past is ours, and there would be a future not far distant." I record these passages here for the inspiration of all those who believe in the supremacy of love. This early passion and adoration never grew cold; for fifty years he loved one woman with all his strength, so that their home life together was a continual romance. It is to her that all his poems are really directed, and from her that the poetic impulse came. He not only wrote poetry, he lived it in his home.

The poem *Retrospect* was written on Christmas Day, 1901, on a visit to his wife's home in Rockville. He walked alone to Ellington, where stood the house built by his ancestors, a place filled with memories of his boyhood. A climb up Mount McIntyre in the autumn of 1901 was the occasion of writing *Wood Mosses*, for he always loved every manifestation of life in the woods. In February, 1903, he was deeply shaken by the death of Mrs. Tracy Peck, the wife of his colleague, and the poem *Beatified* sprang from this sympathetic grief, although the last six lines, as here printed, were written at a later date and with another thought in mind. On the first day of March in the same year he was full of elation at finding the first of the snowdrops growing by his house, and wrote the sonnet *"How with this Rage—."*

In the summer of 1904 Mr. and Mrs. Goodell were in Europe, and on the voyage thither and back, he would stand on deck, watching the gulls for hours; out of this observation and reflection came the verses *Land-bird and Sea-bird.* Of the two personal poems, *Gratulation* followed the announcement of the engagement of a dear friend, while *After the Wedding* was written the day after her marriage at his home.

To Build the Temple came from his pen in 1904. A colleague, after reading these two sonnets at that time, wrote to him: "I came away from the [Faculty] meeting profoundly discouraged. . . . It seems to me that at such meetings we ought to encourage one another as much as possible, even 'sweetening our labors with a little song.' That's the place for song and greeting, instead of criticism or pessimism. I rejoice to know that you feel likewise, and beg leave to keep the sonnets,—finely chiseled specimens of that difficult pattern,—as a sort of *Confessio didascalica,* for future use." On the way to Mont St. Michel in the summer of 1906 three restful days were passed in the little town of Coutances, and here in the quiet of the lovely Public Garden he wrote the poem *At Coutances,* which was inspired by the fine Gothic cathedral and its peaceful surroundings. It was in 1914, in a time of dejection, that he wrote *Before the Hearthfire,* when he felt that the only happiness in a world of failure was to be found in his own home.

He was thoroughly aroused by the Great War and was naturally an intense partisan on the side of the Allies, long before America entered the struggle. His war-poems are

among his best, not only because they came at the full maturity of his powers, but because his mind was aflame. In the sonnet *To One Driving an Ambulance in France* he wished to express his affection and admiration for the son of a classmate, who, having been rejected as a soldier, gave his services as an ambulance driver, thus offering his life, if need be, for the cause. One of the best of the poems is *Afternoon*, which expresses the loyalty that binds together not only college friends but all Americans.

The death of a classmate, President Webster Merrifield of the University of North Dakota, inspired the verses called *Light*, which have the true mark of distinction.

A few of these poems have already been published,—in the *Yale Monthly Magazine*, the *Yale Review*, the *Alumni Weekly*, and the *London Spectator*.

But as his own life always revolved around that of his wife, it is from her and to her that these poems came and returned. In that youthful journal he once wrote, "I have been reading over my diary and I find it is all about *her*." In her present loneliness and desolation, it is the hope of all his friends that these poems, the expression of absolute sincerity of feeling, may bring in memory the living presence, and fill her heart with radiant hope.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

Yale University,
29 October, 1920.

VERNON

COMMEMORATIVE POEM, JUNE 29, 1908

Τροφεῖα πατρίδι σήμερον φέρω τάδε.
As the Greek youth brought to his nurse a gift,
So bring I this thank-offering to our town.

I

"More room!" said the folk of the river towns,
Hartford and Windsor and Wethersfield.
"There's good land east fair crops will yield.
Let the Old World fight for outworn crowns,
We've better to do, building a state
Godly and free—and rich, maybe;
And if stepmotherly England frowns,
She's a long way off!"—So they spread o'er the plain
Homes and billows of ripening grain,
And on the hilltop consecrate
Their meetinghouse, where God's Word shall be strictly taught.
Wheat, rye, and the red gold of Indian corn,
Wool and flax, which the women wrought
With distaff and spinning-wheel and loom—
This was their wealth; and children were born,
Many and sturdy, and still there was room.
If dwellings were plain and winters were long,

They woke in June to the robin's song,
In the high elm orioles hung their nest,
The bobolink's rapture gladden'd the morn,
And the whippoorwills charm'd their rest.

II

So in these upland fields
At the valley's eastern bound
Time her slow fruitage yields.
Priest Kellogg, servant of God and man, long crown'd
With love and honor, in yon God's acre sleeps.
The colonies are States, united, strong
In hope and promise, that to youth belong.
From Snipsic still the river leaps
Unhinder'd, pure, down the cool forest glen.

Said men of Vernon, "Now why
Need the hurrying waters rush idly by?
Let them learn our Yankee rule: 'tis when
We have done our stent we are free to play;
Let our wild Hockanum do as we!"
To mill-wheels they harnest him,—made the spring flood stay
To help in August drought.
He ground their flour, saw'd the forest away;
Then to finer tasks they put him to school,
With cotton and paper, silk and wool;
And he toil'd for all in season and out,

Till more helpers were needed, and helpers came
From the crowded lands of ancient fame,
  From Europe over the sea.
And the village along the busy stream
Throve and grew, and began to dream
  Of larger things to be.

III

Ah, brethren of the Southland,
  Whose fathers, with our own,
'Stablisht the dear Republic,
  How keen hath our quarrel grown!

Again with childish wondering eyes
  I see the throng'd street on that July day,
  The waiting coaches, music and banners gay,
And women weeping, while hoarse cheers arise.
Now they are gone, first comers to the call,
"Three hundred thousand more!" From all
War ever takes the best. Cheerly they fare
  On toward Potomac's war-swept banks—
Young fathers, from the last kiss of wife and child,
And boys too young to know love's wild
  Deep ecstasy and woe, whose foreheads wear
  The mother's chrism of farewell prayer.
Though stern forced march, Antietam's field,
  And Marye's Heights, and Gettysburg await them,
And many shall return no more,

Or come in coffin'd honor, or maimèd sore,
Their high design and inborn constancy
And valorous hope elate them.
Now each new May let the Nation's thanks
In fragrant bloom fresh wreaths of honor plait them,
By whose blood and agony
The Nation's wound was heal'd.

IV

Peace once more, and the fruitful arts of peace!
There know thy strength, my country, there
Let thy pent youthful vigor dare—
Not in fleets nor Tropic empire—seek release,
Treading new pathways to a nation's glory,
Which yet are old as Athens. And Vernon's story
Shall be true type thereof and prophecy.

Here patience, industry, inventive skill
Win nature's power to do man's will
To free mankind and magnify.
And whoso buildeth honest work,
Taking no private gain
From other's loss or pain,
He builds for all time, though his deed
Aim but to fill the daily need
For food and shelter; and no subtle murk
Of social theory can befog his mind
Whose hands have earn'd a home.

Here Irish wit and German thrift,
Slavic passion, Italian courtesy,
And many an Old World people's special gift,
With plain New England common sense combined,
Shall shape a people sane and strong,
Full-rounded, like St. Peter's dome,
Based on the old, unto new heights ascending.
Here too the ancient Mother Church doth find
Her wilful daughters, though estrangèd long,
Hands of ungrudging welcome now extending,
While the firm Hebrew faith still proves its power,
Eldest, yet ever young, no longer forced to cower.
Alike one Father-God they teach,
And that man liveth not by bread alone.
For every word divine he must outreach,
In searching unafraid. Science and art
Also are worship, and no lesser part
Of our true native heaven-descended speech.
And our democracy means equal right
For all to climb the spirit's mountain height.
Here therefore shall stand open wide
All paths to ampler life—the treasured lore
Of ages and the swelling tide
Of incorruptible treasures new from every shore.
The hand shall here learn delicate power, the voice
Grow musical, and homes be beautified
With gardens, modest or stately, that all eyes rejoice.

And for that sweet forest glen,
  Long lost neath streets and factories,
Art shall discern a way to compensate,—
By shapely bridge and planted bank and park again
  Make beautiful, with tamer harmonies,
But noble still, what now is desolate,—
In civic grace the lovely valley recreate.

V

Thou little commonwealth, our home, our pride,
  A fairer dawn draws nigh.
The ancient Dark is fading; a light breeze
Wafts dewy odors, and the trees
Their leafy answer softly make.
  Pellucid gold drifts up the morning sky,
Song-sparrow and bluebird are awake,
  Soon the full chorus will begin,
Bathing the world in music, telling of love.
  Then day shall enter in,
With light, with beauty, and with joy, whereof
The humblest with the highest shall partake.

FROM A WINDOW

The hill, against whose gray and rocky flank
  Dark pine and maple pale are growing,
Humbles itself unto a sloping bank
    Beside a streamlet's flowing.

And here, awaiting death, the ripe leaves lie,
  The glories of their prime still hinting;
Through branches almost naked to the sky
    The western sun is glinting.

One oak, whose heart is still warm, royally
  In purple decks out each retainer,
Shows richer for his neighbors' poverty,
    And makes their lack the plainer.

A stunted sumac in a cleft of rock
  Spends all its starveling force a flaming,
And shames its fellows of a stouter stock
    With scarlet past all taming.

And all the bank the leaves have buried deep
  With peace; no breeze with gentlest chiding
Startles the fragrant quiet of their sleep
    Beside the brooklet's gliding.

One glance; and onward whirled by struggling steam,
I feel my heavy heart grow lighter,
And somehow, for that simple beauty's gleam,
The world and life are brighter.

WOOD MOSSES

Look at this forest here in miniature—
Palm fronds of tropic shapes, but moist and cold,
Dwarft in this northern shade—or like those old
Fantastic cycads which the air impure
Of unripe earth to giants rear'd—demure
And close they nestle; and among them, bold
A tiny spruce has gain'd precarious hold
And saps their life to make his own more sure.
All thrive on death, and life's great quarrel there
Is the same mortal struggle that we know;
The weaker, yielding, feeds a stronger life,
That knows no pity. Yet how passing fair!
Great Artist that so willest, is it then so
To Thee with human sorrow, doom, and strife?

5 September, 1901.

RETROSPECT

The fields that knew me when a boy
I tread again this winter's day—
The westering slope, below the hill
Where birch and oak and chestnut still
Lift their gray trunks mid ledges gray,
In somber harmony.

The brown leaves peer from neath the snow,
Pasture, stubble, and meadow are sere;
The level floor of the valley wide
Spreads miles away to the river's side,
West, north, and south—a prospect drear
Under the leaden sky.

From that clear spring my fathers drank;
The brook has not forgot the tune
It sang of old when woods were green
And sunlight showered its living sheen
And the pied bobolinks thrilled in June
With lovers' ecstasy.

With scanted cheer these acres fed
A yeoman race, self-ruled, austere,
Who worshiped God, revered the Book,
Pondered it well, from it took
Their law of duty, faith, and fear,
And godly constancy.

Narrow and hard we think them now;
Their shadow was upon me here.
The wide horizon called my soul,
Which vaguely knew a larger whole,
And strove to find, with instinct clear,
Through love and poetry.

Sky, sunlit cloud, the far-off hills,
The bobolinks and the waving grass,
And crashing summer storm impelled
To heed the voice that in me swelled,
That haply so I might o'erpass
What else were destiny.

And it was well; soul must aspire;
The past hems not the spirit strong.
Yet while horizons wider grow,
May we their inward grace still know,
That makes even sordid toil a song
Through duty's alchemy.

25 December, 1901.

TEMPERED MUSIC

When to a master's hand the keys respond,
Those high-built harmonies of thrilling tone
Are woven of dissonance; each chord, alone
And nicely measured, violates the bond
Of concord; and the wise of old, who conned
Strict nature's law, could not as music own
Such jarring notes, rudely together thrown;
Pure melodies they loved, nor sought beyond.

Long groping, late the artist learned to bend
The law of things to serve the law of soul.
Then Bach's large utterance taught a language new;
Beethoven from his cruel deafness drew
Immortal symphonies; through art's control
Discord yields beauty, and doth sweetly blend.

December, 1902.

BEATIFIED

Once more hath Heaven the miracle renewed.
In the still hours of night the wintry sky,
By cold and darkness not ungently wooed,
Hath wrapped the earth in peace and purity.
The clouds that darkly hid each beckoning star
Have fallen in crystals of celestial light,
And all the sunlit landscape near and far
Lies glorified before our wondering sight.

Dear Soul whom life and love still join to me,
Now, e'er we pass into the chilling night,
Now, e'er the cloud of loss shall wondrously
Shed its sad radiance round thee—now aright
I would behold thee, know thy true heart's worth,
Dear consolation of my life on earth.

February, 1903.

"HOW WITH THIS RAGE—"

When February's sun just hinted spring
And the first bluebirds warbled their delight,
My snowdrops, lifting their fresh green and white
Beside a sheltering wall, began to fling
Their delicate fragrance on the air, and bring
Their modest gift of beauty. Then in despite
Philistine winter, to o'erwhelm them quite,
Blew arctic scorn and choked their ministering
With snowdrifts deep,—after the rough world's way.
But see, the drifts, now spring again draws nigh,
Melting, reveal the fragile blooms unharmed.
"No stronger than a flower" is beauty? Nay,
So strong! Neglect, scorn, cruelty sweep by;
With God's own permanence her plea is armed.

1 March, 1903.

LAND-BIRD AND SEA-BIRD

Along our steamer's whirling wake,
And in the foam-fleckt hollow,
Under white crests that curl and break,
Gleaming gull and dun sea-swallow,
Strong of wing and stout of heart,
Through storm and sunshine wheel and dart,
Where nothing dares to follow.

At home, the while, blithe robins fill
My garden with their singing;
Orioles from the oak trees spill
Their love-call, winds of June keep bringing
Tune of wood-thrush, trill of veery,
Golden-clear or faint and eery,
Wherewith the wood is ringing.

Land-bird or sea-bird, ruby-throat,
Thrush, albatross—one spirit,
From some ancestor remote,
Soaring and dauntless, all inherit!
Yet theirs was long a reptile race;
Some germ of this fine power and grace—
Those crawling clods could dare it.

Strange race of man, earthborn, divine,
Bird and prone saurian blended!

Whatever bonds may now confine,
Free song and flight are heaven-intended.
Thy purer love, thy soaring thought,
Vain struggles, high hopes come to nought,
Are molding powers more splendid.

Though time be long and overthrow
Seem for each effort fated,
God's geologic ages flow,
As fine grains in the hour-glass rated.
No ion strays from His control;
Through nobler life the finer soul
At length shall be created.

September, 1904.

GRATULATION

As they who see a dear one go on board
The ship that bears her to a sunnier strand—
An Italy, of fair skies, winters bland,
Of wine and olive, where, like an organ chord,
Alps and Vesuvius bay and cities stored
With arts and memories of an ancient land
Make ampler music,—on the shore they stand
Waving good cheer, with wet eyes, voices lower'd:
So do we give you joy, with joy sincere,
That life in ampler spring before you lies,
With old world treasures—husband's love, and home.
And if glad smiles are moistened by some fear
At thought of readjustment of old ties,
Forgive; that too from our love doth come.

November, 1905.

AFTER THE WEDDING

Bride of a night and a day,
  Who plighted here your troth,
That sisterly kiss ere you drove away,
  Did you know 'twas a bond for both?

Your husband saw you give it,
  My wife received it with me;
Two witnesses! Neither can now retrieve it;
  We're bound quite fast, you see.

No great thing it lays on you;
  No unfair claims today!
Only this: You are bound to believe me true,
  Whatever appearances say.

Nor on me shall a burden fall
  From a bond so purely sealed;
But I'm bound to answer whatever call
  Your life's unknown may yield.

Thank God, you have many friends,
  And your husband; you feel no need.
But if your old friend, so bound, now sends
  An admonition, you'll heed?

I know you gentle and true;
  You will keep your plighted word,
But, sister dear, your whole life through,
  Seek, in your heart's one lord,

No angel, no woman—a man,
  With man's faults—virtues, too.
God joined them so; accept His plan.
So shall the love and strength of a man
  Bless you your whole life through.

1906.

TO BUILD THE TEMPLE

I

To build the temple that the master plann'd,
Long time a throng of unknown workmen wrought,
Each on his fragment of the artist's thought.
The whole he had no need to understand;
To carve from one white block, with docile hand,
A Lapith that with Centaur calmly fought,
Or even to spend the hot day doing nought
But smooth a surface with slow-biting sand—
Such was their toil. But when, their labor o'er,
Helios from gray Hymettos gazed upon
Fair column and sculptured front, and through the door
Greeted Athena—ah, the Parthenon!
Ruin'd, dispers'd, yet precious evermore,
It crowns each faithful workman, though unknown.

II

O eager soul, baffled and near despair
Because the temple whereon thou dost build,
The nobler race of men that God hath will'd,
Riseth so slowly toward the upper air,
While the one block entrusted to thy care
Is flaw'd, perhaps, or else thy hand, unskill'd
To carve with Pheidias or to paint and gild,
Must be content some humbler task to share,
Faint not. For thee the hot day is not long;
The cool of evening follows afternoon;
The Architect is wise, he will succeed.
Sweeten thy labor with a little song;
Greet heartily thy fellows. 'Tis thy boon
To share the work; 'tis life, and life's true meed.

1904.

AT COUTANCES

Within these gray cathedral walls,
Cool amid summer's heat and still,
While outside by the portal trade is shrill,
Thronging the square around the old stone fount—
Here clamor dies and peace befals;
The heart grows lighter; something softly calls,
Deep-flowing waters of renewal mount
And life no more appals.

In this cold stone a people's throes
Put forth a passionate flower of art,
Whose austere forms courage and strength impart
To front despair, of strife and failure born,
And greet misjudgment with repose.
Serene above all flaw and time's rude blows
Here men attain. So above dung and thorn
Unfolds the perfect rose.

Ah, rose of life, for me unfold;
Let my life blossom ere the end.
Not for a vulgar goal would I contend.
Perish my name, as theirs who builded here,
Unmarkt my ashes blend with mold;
So might I build, winning from chaos old,
Some shrine of life that warm hearts would hold dear
After this heart is cold.

Emaciate sufferer on the rood,
Athwart the nave Thy tortured frame
Is discord in this temple to Thy name.
Frustration—love even by love misread—
Truth whelm'd by error's swarming brood—
What balm have they for that desponding mood?
From this calm beauty, not from the baffled dead,
My soul draws vital food.

O heart that dost so oft repine,
Rest in the Word here wrought in stone:
Thy struggle doth not fail nor waste alone;
Through strife, with pain, dust and Infinitude
Together build one vast design.
Turn now, content, from this pure bread and wine,
Back through the clamoring square, with faith renew'd,
To the old task divine.

1906.

ON BOARD THE "TITANIC"

"Women and children first!
The boats will not hold us all."
Shall a man fear death and live accurst?
The water gains, 'twill not be long.
Give, not take, is the law when the strong
Hear honor call.

Passengers, captain, and crew,
And stokers forgotten below,
Knightly gentlemen all! through you
Who fail'd us not in your final hour
The race is richer in hope and power.
Would God ye might know!

Quietly said the good wife,
Between starlit sea and sky,
"These many years we have lived our life
Together; wherever you go I go."
Serene in the Primal Love! Even so
The stars on high.

The ship leans low to her grave,
Yet the music doth not cease—
Strong hearts wafting still to the brave
Through the chill night, with undaunted breath,
The hymn's reply to the challenge of death:
    Triumph and peace.

15 April, 1912.

BEFORE THE HEARTHFIRE

Before the hearthfire, hand in hand, we dream
Of youth now far behind, and of old age
Awaiting yonder; and Life's riddling page
Yields little of her meaning. Let the gleam
And warmth that from the glowing hickory stream—
As love and hope the wounds of hate assuage—
Comfort awhile against the winter's rage;
The morrow shall this hour of ease redeem.

How slowly grew the wood in sun and rain,
Ripen'd by heat, by storm and cold made strong,
To be consumed in one hour's cheering flame.
O happy fate, blest giving, ample gain!
To fling life's sum to others with a song,
Nor care that men forget the singer's name.

June, 1914.

REIMS CATHEDRAL

TRANSLATED FROM EDMOND ROSTAND

They have but made it more immortal now.
Such work dies not, wrong'd by a miscreant hand.
Before a Pheidian goddess when we stand,
Divinity still crowns the riven brow.
The fort, dismantled, makes its dying groan;
Art's temple, bruis'd, more nobly lives; the eye
Forgets the roof, and gladly greets the sky,
Divinely gazing through that lace of stone.

Give thanks! It may be that we still had need
Of what the Greeks have on their golden hill—
Beauty more hallow'd by a Vandal deed.
Thanks, therefore, to the German gunner's skill,
Since by their stupid cannon we have won,—
Our foe a shame, and we a Parthenon!

FROM AMERICA

FROM THE LONDON *SPECTATOR*, JUNE 17, 1916

[Sir,—Do you care to print still another word of sympathy from America? The accompanying verses are offered simply as the heartfelt expression of the sentiments, not of the writer only, but also, I know well, of many of my countrymen and countrywomen, who acknowledge gladly the inner tie with Great Britain, and who also cherish the memory of Norman or Huguenot lines in their ancestry, and feel their old admiration for France deepened by the achievements and the attitude of her people in this war. We regard with mingled pride and envy those from among us who have had the privilege of serving in hospital, ambulance, relief work, and in other ways.—I am, Sir, &c.,

THOMAS D. GOODELL.

New Haven, Conn., May 27.]

THE winding leagues of battle ebb and flow,
Where men for holy ends endure and dare,—
Deeds wherein I, alas! can have no share,
Old, in a far-off "neutral" land. Their foe
Is ours no less; at freedom's self the blow
Was aim'd. With aching heart, with helpless prayer
We wait, while others win and soon shall wear
The crown that saviours of the nations know.
But nay; though years and circumstance deny
The power to serve as eager thought desires,
O England, cradle of my race, O France,
Who earlier tamed and shaped my Norman sires,
With my blood-brothers now I bless the tie;
In them, dying for me, I too advance.

TWO POETS*

Two poets I read together, and in my heart
Their fragrance blended as two roses blend,
A white and red—as flute and hautboy mend
The passion of the strings to a finer art,
Till old-new dreams of living and dying start,
And dimly we begin to apprehend
Their mingled meanings, and we dare to send
Thought on—to where their ways draw not apart.
Two poet souls, of woman and of man;
The one late learning of her poet's dower;
In him youth's heady and sweet wine was rife.
Ah, happy they, and blest their mortal span;
Finding in love's surrender a new power,
In war's last sacrifice a new-won life.

*Alice Freeman Palmer and Rupert Brooke.

1915.

AFTERNOON

READ AT THE FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY REUNION OF THE CLASS OF 1877 IN JUNE, 1917

Morning and evening bound our mortal day;
Evening waits; it is our afternoon.
And though the years begin to prune
The new forth-putting, thin the fruit,
Reveal some weakening at the root,
And bid us note the sun's more slanting ray,
It still is day.
Of work heaven lent us some is yet to do;
The zest of effort draws us on,—
Not with that morning ardor, toward a dream,
But soberly, as those who know
That simple truth is better—fairer too—
Than any unsubstantial vision's rosy gleam,
The game well played better than laurels won,
And honor clean admits no overthrow.

Calmly we front the sunset and repose.
Shallop or argosy, each life
Brings lading full, with memories rife.
Stumbling, we learned compassion; from foul blows
Pity we learned for them that suffer wrong;
From woman's love we learned humility;
From children's kisses hope,—and how the strong

Are rich by giving; even from bitter sorrow grows
A strange and lovely flower. We verify
What Anaxagoras and Plato found:
From center to whatever unimagined bound
The All is Mind;
Whereto One gently added, "Also Love."
So is God throned above,
Nor shall the rage of men His power bind.

Therefore if gathering clouds forestall the night
And our sun goes in darkness down,
Yet never fails the morning light;
Other hands the work shall fitly crown.
Now when the deeps are broken,
Hearts of the nations stirred,
Watching the flaming token,
Hearing the searching word,
Whether for us the great new dawn is nigh
Or for our children, it is one,—
Children of flesh or spirit, it is one.
For them we labored; they shall fill our place.
For them the day again shall wear his morning face,
Again our noon be high.

TO ONE DRIVING AN AMBULANCE IN FRANCE

SHRUNK is the round earth to a neighborhood;
No longer forced apart, our continent
Elbows old Europe and the Orient,—
A ferry where the Isthmian barrier stood,—
And swift the wings of evil and of good.
A nation's word of honor lightly rent,
The blood and moaning of the innocent,
More loudly call than cannon-thunders could.
Only, it seems, in that old wasteful way,
From wrath and wrong, can God work out our peace.
Rescue and mercy, love and gratitude,
You bear for us, dear heart, mid war's dismay.
Divine your errand! So is life's little lease
Rounded to something of God's plenitude.

July, 1917.

LIGHT

One after one the lights go out
  That made for us the day—
The eyes that o'er our cradle bent,
  Mates of our childish play;

Companions of our eager youth,
  And those whom love and life
Bound close with us in riper years,
  Comrades, children, wife.

When twilight deepens in our West,
  Still West are bright'ning skies,
Life like the turning earth swings round,
  Sunset is but sunrise.

From this dim sky our light fades out
  Like stars before the sun,
And evening fades into the dawn,
  And Life is one.

1916.

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